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1922
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BOOK OF POEMS



BY
FRANK K. EVANS

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DEDICATED

To the Memory of My Mother
Mrs. Henrietta Evans



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SONNET TO C. T. C.

Our school on the hill,
A monument for all,
Rest thou content still.
I'll enter this fall.
Silent as death thy work is o'er
Still I'll remember thee ever more.

On thy walls of dust,
Spiders are weaving twine;
Each working hand of trust,
Though greater is the hand of thine
That writes a motto "Backward never
Continue in faith, forward forever."

Birds in thy trees,
Sing a sad song,
Among thy flowers the bees
Work all day long.
A new year is coming with joy laden store,
Old ones to return never more.

LONESOME

Lawd, I'se so lonesome,
In dis world ob sorrow.
My wife done gone an' lef' me,
An' won' come back termorrow

Ever'thing's so silent,
No one ter make a fuss,
I hab no one ter cheer me,
An' my heart am 'bout to bust.

Caline's ober yonder,
Standin' in de do,
Talkin' to some udder feller;
It's Rastus Green, I kno'.

She promis' ter stay wid me
Her love am 'bout ter fail.
Lawd, stay here wid me,
Fer de debbil's on my trail

I'se gwiner stir 'roun',
An see what I can see;
Nobody but Caline er comin',
My heart jist longs fer thee.

Who's dat wid her, a bunch of chillun,
Reckon who could dey be?
A eatin' flock of picanninies
Comin' to stay wid me

I'se gwiner hide dat bread.
No, I'se jes' too late.
Caline an' all dem chillun
Er comin' in der gate.

Come in, honey;
Set dem chillun on de bed;
Rastus, quit you' dancin' dere
Wid yo' wooley head.

Comin' in der first thing,
Wid er hungry look,
Er dancin' to der kitchen,
Nothin' in dah ter cook.

Caline, I always loved you,
I'se glad you come back home;
Wipe dat baby's nose dere,
Don't you see it begin ter foam?

Now han' him ter me,
He's gwiner dance a jig;
Come ter you' papy,
Yuh little ole dirty pig.

Where's you been all time
Wid this ole dirty dress?
I'se great mind throw yo' way;
You jest looks er mess.

Don't start dat cryin', sir;
Wid dem eyes lookin' deep.
Go on ter yo' mammy,
Fur you wants to sleep.

Caline, my heart's now full ob joy,
Stay an' love me still;
Wid all my power I'll do fur thee,
Wid er iron determine will.

LINDSEY HOLLOW

'Tis a great path cut through the rock,
Where bands of people often flock,
To see the beauty of the land,
That was formed by Nature's hand.

The trees, that shade these banks,
Seem to give to God their thanks,
By bowing and bending now and then,
When shaken by His holy wind.

Oh, 'tis pleasant for one, in spring,
To walk about where echoes ring,
And gather flowers, where they're rare,
Over Lindsey Hollow everywhere.

The golden stream, that crosses its mouth,
With golden waters flowing south,
Is a wonderful phenomenon to be seen,
Crossing this fair home ever green.

Great white rocks can be seen,
In this fair home ever green.
Upon these rocks, so white and plain,
One may stop and carve his name.

Oh! this picture drawn by Nature's hand,
Where melancholy days are enjoyed by man,
Riding with care and hearing with same,
The voices of birds when they sing.

The brilliant sun, the lamp of day,
That throws his shadow by the way,
Gives light to man and every tree,
Where golden moments shall forever be.

In dark ages of the past,
When through it Indians past,
Voices could be heard, when they groaned,
"Waco, oh Waco, I am thine own!"

WHEN DER TATERS BEGIN TER FRY

I'se happy as de birds,
Dat strech dere wings an' fly,
Jumpin' an' dancin' all 'roun'
When der taters begin ter fry.

'Lasses jug an' 'possum, too,
On de table settin' by;
But I leab dem right dar,
When dem taters begin ter fry.

Pa jes' plays dat fiddle all de time,
Don't stop ter bat his eye;
But hangs it up jes' as quick,
When der taters begin ter fry.

An' ma's fussin' all de time,
As de lubly days go by;
But how can she change dat voice ob her's,
When der taters begin ter fry.

Stop that playin' heah!
We'll hab ter jump dis high,
If we don' be quiet at once,
When der taters begin ter fry.

Myrah bakin' pon-pons,
Pickanninies am drawin' nigh,
In a hurry to der table,
When de taters being ter fry.

At der table de thanks are giben,
But I'se jes' can't see why
I gib thanks fer der yams,
When der taters begin ter fry.

Bless us dis day,
Cause not our tongues ter lie;
But tell der thruth all der way,
When der taters begin ter fry.

FORWARD

Friends, are we going backwards,
The way that does not pay?
Let us strive to go forward,
For forward is the way.

Forward workers are the ones,
Whom our people need;
Those who stand up for the right,
And help us by their deeds,
Willing workers we should be,
Toiling for the right;
That's the forward movement,
That's pleasing in God's sight.

We can be a mighty power,
In the community where we stay,
By being dutiful to every cause
That leads the forward way.

We need pure insight and sound judgement,
To continue and never pause,
And by wisdom and knowledge from above,
We'll add blessing to the cause.

Men and Women we should be,
Educating the head, heart and hand,
That's the forward movement,
That the God above demands.

Let us have that character,
That rejects wrong and pursues right.
Then by the power of our God,
Men may see the right.

Men may annihilate our bodies;
They may bring us to our woe;
But by the help of God,
Forward we shall go.

God, be merciful to our race,
Make us not afraid to die;
But go forward with our tasks
And obtain blessings from on high.

So forward, forward is the way,
Though our trails be hard,
Praying, laboring as we go,
On our journey to our God.

MELONS ON DE VINE

I'll go dis journey ter day,
Over ter my neighbor's across der way.
Lawd, how grand 'twill be
Ter stand in de road, look ober der fence
And wish fer what I kin see!

In de patch side ob de road,
O melons on de vine!
Red an' sweet an' am so juicy
An' I'll steal dem all de time.

Jes' wait now 'till June,
At de dark ob de moon,
An' I'll show you where I shine,
In de patch side of the road,
O melons on de vine.

Now dem melons aint mine,
Dat's so lobely on de vine.
But he ought not planted dem here,
Ter tempt er Christian wid dere looks,
An' had er debil to fear.

Doe I could leab dem dere
An' let dem ripen on de vine,
Doe if I pass dis way ergin,
Dat ole blue one gwiner be mine.

I'se great mine pull it now,
Stop lookin' so natural dere,
Layin' up dere lack a debilish hog
Er rollin' in his hair.

You jes' did 'scape dere, sir;
I lack ter had you fer dinner,
Doe you would er ben mine,
Had I'se been a sinner.

**TOAST AT AN OPENING BANQUET OF
CENTRAL TEXAS COLLEGE, SEPT. 21, 1914**

Today she opened her pearly gate,
Why linger ye behind?
Enter in ere it be too late,
To shape a brilliant mind.

I may cross the mighty deep,
Enroute to some other clime;
Though for her my heart shall keep
A spark of love divine.

Here's to all here tonight:
Go wherever duty demands,
Laboring for her with all thy might,
With pure hearts and willing hands.

**TOAST AT A BANQUET GIVEN BY THE
JUNIORS IN HONOR OF THE SENIORS OF
C. T. C., MAY 14, 1914**

We are thankful for what you've given,
May blessings of joy extend from Heaven,
Refreshing your hearts in many ways;
Crowning your lives with many days.

May wisdom from an Unshadowed fold
Come brightening your hearts like glittering gold
Flowing in knowledge like rivers at sea,
And make noble characters out of thee.

And like dew refreshing the summer green,
Having found a home where it is seen,
May your love for Central and that alone
Find friends for her where they're unknown.

DISAPPOINTED

Lawd, I'se so disappointed,
Things aint what I thought;
Wish I'd never paid 'tention
Ter dem lies dey taught.

My money done gone from me;
An' my friends hab lef' me, too;
Lawd, hab mussy on me,
What am I gwine ter do?

Fer I'se in der North lan',
An' my folks in der lan' ob cotton;
Jes' prayin' for a lonely trabbler,
Whom all hab done fergotten.

An' they aint sent no letters,
Concerning my railroad fare,
From der ole Louisiana,
Lawd, how I wish I was dere.

Where de 'lasses mill am makin'
De velva out ob de cane;
Where pickanninies aint workin'
But eatin' jes' de same.

I'se here deblish hongry
Aint got er thing ter eat,
Jes' workin' fer dese whitefolks
While dey walk up an' down the streets.

An' dey aint paid dat money,
Fer all dat work I'se done,
I'se jes' gwiner quit 'em,
Fer I'se Mandy's only son.

I'se gwine back to her,
I'll nebber come back ter Maine,
Jes, stay dere wid her an' Rastus
An' help her cut de cane.

OUR TRIP TO MARLIN

We triumphed o'er the hot well city,
Through cold, sunshine and rain;
Many hardships we had met
Though money was our aim.

Its people were so very kind,
And we'll try with all our might
To keep them in our mind,
As our prayers take their flight
To God o'er the sands of time.

It's good to have such friends,
As we have in this town,
Whose hearts are filled with welcome
And in which great love abounds.

Thursday night we so impressed them
With song, recital and speech,
That we were asked to spare more time
In their city in order to reach
Those who were confined.

On Friday we visited the High school;
And while there we could see,
Many young boys and girls
As busy as could be.

On that night the church was filled
With these hopeful sons of men,
There to listen and to wait
A helping hand to lend,

We all played well our parts
As each would take his stand,
There to show from his heart
The things that make a man.

We left on Saturday morn,
With all just feeling fine,
Having enjoyed good things to eat,
And just a hog killing time.

ABOUT TO SIN

Down by der fireside,
On de ole plantation farm,
Jes' playin' der fiddle while dey dance,
Doan mean er bit er harm.

Jes' look at Rastus!
 Aint dancin' er debblish thing;
 But tryin' ter win de praise,
 Breakin' dat chicken wing.

I'se gwiner stop playin',
 An' throw dis fiddle 'way;
 'Cause I jes' caint stan' it,
 Some one else kin play.

You, Rastus, stop dere!
 Don't try to hab it all!
 I'se gwiner to hab er han'
 In dis possum ball.

Jes' take dis here fiddle,
 Hang it on de wall,
 Fer my feet am now ready
 Fer ter out dance 'em all.

Come here, Lucindy,
 Let me swing yo' arm,
 An' dance 'rond' de corner,
 Doan mean er bit er harm.

Break de pigeon wing wid me, honey;
 Doan cher hear dem figgers call?
 "Swing yo' pardners 'roun' de corner,
 Steady an' balance all."

Dance wid me ter der table,
 Honey, doan be uneasy,
 Fer we done win' der prize,
 'Possum an' taters layin' dere greasy.

THE LITTLE STARS

How bright are the stars above,
 That dot the Heavens of love!
 Each one has its work to do,
 While sparkling in the sky so blue.

These "little diamonds in the sky,"
 "Up above the earth so high,"
 Make bright the path by the way
 And are our company while we pray.

They are shining, Oh so bright;
As we travel in the night
They seem as wanderers far away,
Waiting for the dawn of day.

Who is it whom they obey?
Cease to shine at dawn of day,
Now as their work has all been done,
They hide themselves behind the sun.

'Tis God whom they obey—
Cease to shine at dawn of day,
The one who is Maker of us all;
How He would miss one should it fall!

A TOAST

Here's to a race lying on its back,
Bound in slavery to the rack.
Thy land is across the sea,
With all my earnestness, energy and intelligence
I'll pledge my life to thee.

RAIN DROPS

Beautiful rain drops of the sky,
That come in refreshing showers,
Falling from the realms on high,
And giving life to beautiful flowers.

These falling objects from the sky,
Shine sparkling as they fall,
From dingy clouds that hang on high,
While on the Heavens crawl.

When flying from a dingy cloud,
Like arrows from a bow,
Grass and flowers look as proud
While drinking here below.

Each little garden that looks so green,
Receives its part of rain;
When water carriers above are seen
To go out and come again.

We ought all thank our God;
Ought praise His Holy Name,
For granting to us a reward,
By sending the falling rain.

Almighty God, the Creator of man,
Made the drops to fall,
How wonderful is the powerful hand,
That made and blessed us all.

BE NOT LEAST

Be not least in the class;
Nor a whisperer day by day,
Use the moments as they pass,
Studying and making haste.

Go on and on to the utmost round,
Till thou shalt win a name,
Then thy voice shall sound,
In noble halls of fame.

A DREAM

O what an awful sight to see
The Heavens in a flame,
Time was no longer to be,
Fire had begun to rain,
From Heaven to land and sea.

The people in the town
Were running to and fro,
Falling upon the ground,
Crying and mourning woe,
To await the trumpets' sound.

Some of them were prepared
To meet God face to face;
Their souls He them had spared,
To enjoy the sacred place
In Heaven, a home so fair.

A very sad time, it seemed
To me, while I lay asleep;
But when I awoke I gleaned
The idea that I now speak;
O 'twas but a dream.

THE PILGRIMS

We boarded the ship on England's shore,
A dark, dreary and lonsome day.
Thirty composed this most lovely band,
We were Pilgrims for a better land.

We left the little seaport town,
Where friends and kindred stood around,
Saying goodbye and shaking hands,
We bade farewell to England.

While out on the mighty deep,
Where we the pilgrims fell asleep,
Our ship was rocked by the wind,
So grief and sorrow doth begin.

Oh, listen, listen to the wind
That rocks our ship, cried two men.
How rough and it seem to blow,
Over the sea where waters flow.

The storm was rough on ocean's tide,
It tossed our ship from side to side;
Oh, God of Heaven, we pilgrims cried,
"Let us in Thy Bosom hide."

The storm birds lit up on our ship,
And seemed to say as one with lips:
"O Pilgrim fathers on the sea,
The God of Heaven remember thee."

When this awful storm was o'er,
And the thunder's voice had ceased to roar,
We gave thanks to Him who saved
And kept us safely on the waves.

We had sailed sixty days and nights,
Yet no land could be in sight;
But by the logs that float on sea,
Land we knew close must be.

After six more nights on ocean's tide,
A light beyond we pilgrims spied;
It was America, the land of dreams,
From whence a candle threw beams.

We planted a colony on this strange land,
And built a church as God commands;
How happy could we Pilgrims be
In this land across the sea.

'Twas God who heard us when we cried,
And landed us safely to this side:
In the land of roses throughout the spring,
Where we could praise His Holy Name.

WHEN BENNETT RINGS THE BELL

When Mr. Bennett is on duty,
He performs his duties well;
Central Texas is the place,
Where Bennett rings the bell.

The students are very active,
Each other we try to excel,
By being on time in chapel,
When Bennett rings the bell.

From chapel to Mrs. Wilson,
We recite Essentials well,
To Professor Robinson for Literature,
When Bennett rings the bell.

In reciting Literature, pains are taken,
In pronouncing our words well,
The next on hand is Astronomy,
When Bennett rings the bell.

Greek is the next old subject,
About Cyrus it will tell,
But we gladly close it at the time,
When Bennett rings the bell.

At noontime we all hustle;
Dinner! is what we yell,
In a hurry to the table,
When Bennett rings the bell.

SPRING

Enters the year with a joyful spring;
Oh, what beauty it doth bring;
With daisies so sweet and lillies so fair
Over hills and hollows everywhere.

When 'all the leaves of trees bud out,
And birds and insects fly about,
And the Heavens seem a dreary blue,
I like to be out doors; don't you?

Then every cloud up in the sky,
That goes so slowly drifting by,
And the leaves that hang on every tree,
All seem to speak and speak to me.

The birdies whistle their merry tunes
Among the flowers in the morning so soon;
Playing and dancing upon the ground,
Where the grass is peeping all around

The busy bees greet the spring,
Gathering honey as they sing;
From beautiful flowers of the land,
That were planted by our Master's hand.

The little child that gathers the flowers,
In early mornings of dewy showers,
Runs through the woods and plays,
Trying to enjoy the saddest days.

HIS IMAGINATION

I'se jes' sittin' here a dreamin'
'Bout the good things I kin see.
Lawd, if I could grab some ob dem
How busy I could be!

Dat ole garden side de co'n,
Am so pretty an' so green,
Wid beets, onions and lettuce,
De lubliest dat I'se seen.

An' I aint et dis mornin',
No. I guess I aint.
Now if I don't eat me somethin',
I think I'se gwiner faint.

Jes' look on de table,
At dem good things ter eat,
'Lasses, snap beans an' taters,
Jes' walkin' on der feet.

Lawd, whar am Lindy?
I guess she's back in dere.
No, I guess I'se mistaken;
I guess she's gone somewhere.

She said she wasn't gwiner leave me;
She didn't hafter lie,
Leave me here a lookin'
At dat table full of pie.

She done lef' me here so lonely,
Feelin' bad an' hongry, too.
Lawd, hab mussey on me,
What am I gwine ter do?

Dat's alright I guess;
Some day she'll make her turn
On some awful cloudy mornin',
When dese co'ns begin ter burn.

Dere she comes now, dancin'
Out ob de kitchen, so deblish quick
Wid all dem good things fer me,
Gal, you mus' think I'se sick.

Lindy, you nebber did ack dis wey befo'
God's gwine bless you dis night.
Stop walkin' so trilby dere,
I wish you'se out ter my sight.

Jes' place dem on de table,
God bless yo' little heart.
You know I always loved you,
Doan think we're gwine ter part.

Lawd' look at de 'possum an' de 'taters,
An' de gravy oozin' down.
Now, its no use feelin' funny,
I'se jes' well walk 'roun' an' eat.

LIVINGSTONE, MONT.

'Tis pleasant for one to stay,
Where breezes steal from heights away
And onward gently below,
Ah! fair Livingstone, City of Pride,
Built close by the mountain side,
Of the Rockies covered with snow.

HONEY I'LL REMAIN WITH YOU

(A Song)

'Twas on er Friday night,
When I was 'turnin' home;
Der storm had pass but dark at las'
An' I knew not whah to roam.
My gal said stay, doe I went my way,
Doe it was too dark ter go;
Fer de moon didn't shine, but changed its mind
Not ter guide me as befo'.

CHORUS

I'll nebber leave er nudder dark night;
Honey, I'll remain wid you;
Doe If I mus' go, an' you say so,
Please go wid me too;
Fer my gun's in soak, an' I'm broke,
An' the man I work fer, too.
Now if you won't go, jes' say so;
An' I'll remain wid you.

I started 'way from her, do'
Er bull-dog guareded her gate;
De lights was dim an' I couldn't see him,
So dere I met my fate.
Den by chance he caught my pants
An' toe out de gabble end.
Home I hopped befo' I stopped,
Ter find whah his mouth had been.

A HOPE OF FREEDOM

In a sweet song of Liberty
That made all sorrows sweet,
Marched out a chieftain and his men,
A mighty foe to meet.

What was his song so sweet
That alarmed the country length and breath?
"Loose the shackles from our feet;
Give us Liberty or give us death."

Onward through shot and shell!
Raise Old Glory high!
"Take dead aim," was the yell,
"Ere death lingers nigh."

The enemy fell upon their faces
Along the hedgy way;
While bravely stood the general of races,
Giving orders of the day.

"Hurry! Hurry! do not stop!
Drive them to yonder's hill,
Where the star of hope kisses the top.
With a ray of freedom still!"

In the skylight of love
Though once it lay obscure,
We may write this name above,
The soldier, the statesman,
Tousaint L' Overture.

CLASS POEM

Though many years have passed,
Since we've been drilling here,
To convey to the very last
Victory through our career,
We are journeying toward the end.

In leaving we only regret
To leave our college friends,
Who are to follow yet.
Tho' God has fixed it so to be,
And we can not bar the cause;

For if He is mighty and able to see
The things that are best for all.
Now we could rejoice, if we knew
That grand and happy day
When we again shall meet with you,
In some grand and noble way.

We know we hanven't done our best;
Though there is nothing hindering you,
From being an example for the rest,
Do well what ever you do.

We'll try to bear in mind
Every grand and noble thought,
That will keep us right in line,
With each good we have been taught.

As we receive life from Heaven's winds,
In this grand and glorious sphere,
We shall keep the love that binds
Our hearts together here.

What was for you in the past,
Was love in our hearts we bore,
And we'll bear it to the last,
Till time shall be no more.

We would that you finish here,
For a brighter day is coming still,
When Central shall enlarge her sphere,
With power and wonderful skill.

We'll stand up for our school,
When the winds begin to blow.
We'll keep her golden rule,
No matter where we go.

O sun, shine out thy will,
Everlasting blessings upon this hill,
Where duty demand and thou wilt obey.
Give life and wisdom to each phase of day.

We'll dedicate her walls to God,
While on earth we tread;
And glorify His name with praise,
For having spared us these many days.

A WET ADVICE

Dere's no need fer folks ter grumble
'Bout de way the weather acts;
Fer its gwine ter have its way,
No matter what dey lacks.

Too late ter talk 'bout hard times,
An' the jobs dat we could git;
Fur de creek's done 'mence ter risin'
An' de rain am fallin' yet.

Groun' too wet fer ploughin';
No need ter go fur wood;
Too wet out dere fur cuttin',
I wouldn't if I could.

Days aint always pleasant;
We'll all hab trouble it seems;
When the North wind comes whistlin'
Thro' de kivahs of yo' drems.

So jes' save some money fur de winter;
So when de cold comes stealin' in,
You kin sit wid yo' feet ter de fireplace,
An' hab some dough ter spen'.

MUSIC FROM HIS HOE

Dis grass is er growin' high;
Hoe handle gettin' so slick,
De more I try to chop,
It still seems high an' thick.

Doe when I spit in my han's,
An' hole dat handle giner tight,
De steel begins ter ring,
Fer' I'se choppin' it jes' right.

Folks all choppin' behin';
Movin' lack dey don' kere,
Jes' er listenin' at de music,
My hoe plays in de year.

Fixin' ter thro 'way dere hoes
William leadin' de dance;
Dey done furgot dere 'ligion,
Music got 'em in a trance.

Such a noise you never heard
Out dere in de open field;
Each in hominy wid de music,
So steady on toe an' heel.

Picaninnies at de house
Jes' a kickin' up der heels;
Think dey heah a ban' comin',
Up 'cross de field.

Wagons passin' de road;
Folks jes' listenin' wid dere might;
'Magine dey heah a banjo playin'
Late up in de night .

Birds singin' in de trees,
Stop an' drop dere wings;
An' jes' listen dere wid delight,
To my ole hoe as it rings.

SCHOOL OF MINE

Dere's no need ob talkin'
'Bout yo' chillen obeyin' so fine,
You ought jes' come an' visit
Dat little ole school ob mine.

When der dinger ling's er ringin'
Dey all come an' form a line,
Wid feet on groun', steady dem shoulders,
An' as well keepin' time.

Gals er passin' in fust,
Marchin' up der so gran';
Wid Willie an' Ella in Front leadin'
On tail en' Mary Ann.

De little folks in de middle,
Keepin' straight in de line,
Wid pit er pat upon de step,
Enterin' dat school ob mine.

Findin' dem seats in a hurry
An' gittin' dem books in place;
Mine yuh, dey's gwiner study,
Wid dem books up in der face.

Boys is now er passin';
Jes' fallin' in de flo';
Wid sweat fallin' ofen 'em,
As dey stumble at de do'.

All kin take yer seats;
Now begins our work.
We're here fur truth, 'onesty an' jestic
An' ter labor an' not ter shirk.

You fust grades better study,
An' 'view back whah yo'se been;
'Cause you doan hab dat readin',
Whoopin' won't hab no en'.

Come on here, Shelley;
Bring dat primmer 'long.
Wan'er hab dat readin' lesson,
An' see how you'se gittin' on.

Look here, you habn't studied,
Dat aint gwiner do;
Jes' callin' will, Kitty;
Yo' sense jes' leabin' you.

Go on back dere an' study, sir;
We'll hab it agin down de line,
When yo' recess's gone er visitin',
An' lessons on yo' min'.

Who's dat keepin' up der racket,
Wid dere fuss soundin' so queer?
Soun' lack marbles rollin',
Back dere in the rear.

Dere's no need ob startin'
Dem games here in school;
'Cause you'se here fe learnin',
An' obeyin' de golden rule.

I jes' kain't stand ter teach
When dat walkin's in de room;
Jes' trabblin' ter dem buckets,
Lack er picnic's on er boom.

Shet up dat bucket, Ceasar;
You know's you'se too big,
To dive in dem 'lasses,
Lack er hongry pig.

I'se good mine whup you,
But dat won't do no good;
'Cause you wouldn't stop cryin'
Ter save me, if you could.

I'se gwiner dimiss all;
Some gals kin sweep the flo,
An' boys git dem feathers,
An' dust up befo' you go.

Put dem sachels on yo' shoulders
An' rise up an' sing
Dat song dat makes you feel,
You'se fer Heaben on a wing,

Stop! who's dat er singin'
Wid dere voice tremblin' so?
Jes' er gittin' me happy
Wid dere bass an' alto.

Doan sing er 'nother verse;
'Cause my 'ligen's now er tryin'
Ter 'rouse dat ole shoutin'
Dats restin' on my mind.

Now march out in a hurry,
Be it understood,
Dat Ise got er 'ligion,
My soul's jes' feelin' good.

SICK WEEK

It's awful, awful tiresome,
Ter jes' lay up sick in bed,
Wid der cover all off yer,
From yer toes up ter yer head.

Sunday wus hot an' dreary;
Blue Monday's here at last.
Folks dreadin' goin' choppin',
An' some ain't goin' fas'.

Jes' er stirin' dere in de kitchen',
I know what dey's er doin';
Actin lack dey's er leavin',
In dere jes' er chewin'.

Better leab out der fer choppin',
Wid dem biskits swellin' yo' jaw;
Haben't seen sich folks 'bout eatin';
You jes' the wust I eber saw.

Birds er singin' an' chickens am crowen';
But 'tain't no music yer kno'
Ter a fellow under de kiver,
Sick an' no whah ter go.

Kain't eber git a letter;
Aint heard no news dis day;
Folks jes' done quit 'rittin';
It's jes' awful ter be dis way.

Couldn't be at church Sunday,
Ter help 'em sing an' pray;
An' jine in dat shoutin';
Dey say dat Parson walked dat day.

His text was "Jes' Believe,"
Fust de Christians wus chilly an' cold;
But when he put dat gravy on,
He brought fire to ebery soul.

Dey say he tuck dat Bible
An' raised it in his han';
An' said whose now gwiner foller
Me on ter promise lan'?

I jes' kain't understan'
Why der misery lef' my head,
When dey come an' tole me,
What dat preacher said.

When de world am full of sorrow,
Fer de livin' an' de dead,
It's jes' awful, awful tiresome
Ter jes' lay up sick in bed.

(Note: Written while the author was sick.)

A SONNET.

(Drawn from an Essay, "Pastorial Leadership"
by the author,)

O sleepy head, 'wake from thy slumbers,
Why not join this swarthy number
That's going fourth today?
They rejoice and labor at length together,
No matter what changes bring the weather.
They fall not by the way;

The race is calling, now for men,
Those that are free from strife and sin,
To lead onward hand in hand
Be it North, South, East or West,
Strive every one for the best;
And aid our fellow man.

Don't lay your weapons down;
But fight diligently to win the crown;
O what a promise has been given!
To those who stand up for the right,
Like a hero in the fight;
There's a home in Heaven.

Go on and on, a brighter day will come,
When our Christian work is done.
We shall lie beneath the sod,
From mother earth we shall spring,
And proudly tune our lyres to sing
Sweet praises to our God.

SPIRIT OF THE WEST

Awake, awake, why sleep you there?
'Tis dawn of day everywhere.
O listen, the cowboy calls;
From thy bed gently rise.
The sun is shining in the skies.
It stealeth through thy walls.

The lowing cattle in the pen
Await the cowboy from his den,
To herd them o'er the plains,
Lashing his pony on left and right,
Steadily moving from morn till night,
Ere he's home again.

The setting sun bids him adieu,
As he hides himself in a golden hue;
Down, down in the West alone;
All Nature seems in songs to sing,
The sky with music seems to ring,
Of beautiful scenery in Arizona.

Off sandy hills and barren plains,
Where scarcely falls mist or rains,
Hot winds gently rise.
Rushing through cactus green,
Causing sand storms to be seen,
Going on and upward as it flies.

Nature has painted with her hand
This wonderful scenery enjoyed by man.
'Twas beautiful to the eye,
To view the cactus of different height;
And sand of various colors bright,
As I went riding by.

Though the scenery here is fine,
'Tis not like the home of mine;
Far away I can see,
My thoughts play truant every day;
It causes my mind to drift away,
And often long for thee.

(Note: This poem was written while the author was passing through Arizona on his way to San Antonio, Texas, from San Francisco, California. It was a message to a friend of his in Texas.)

A LETTER

Dear Lindy:

You little ole dumplin',
Dat rises up so soon,
Wid dem eyes er dancin',
Lack de man in de moon.

Yo' lips am full of sugar,
Runnin' ovah on de groun';
Lack streams o' 'lasses from er jug,
In plates er runnin' down.

Dere's ash cakes in der fireplace,
Jes' brown as you please;
Doe lips taste bettah full o' sugar
Den any one o' dese.

I'se comin' ovah to see you
In dis cole and chilly win'.
Doan hab ole Rastus dere to see yer,
Fer I'se yer only frien'.

You kin answer dis here letter,
Dis ebenin' or ter night;
When I'se dreamin' under de kiver,
Wid my heart full ob delight.

Goodbye, sugar Lindy,
You'se de sweetest gal I kno'.
Now rite me how you lub me,
Frum yo' Honey Joe.

WHAT THE CANARY DOES

To a Lady Friend.

Lonely days seem merry,
When the song of the canary
Rings sweetly in the tree.
Thoughts of you he brings,
While up there he sings,
Sweet memories dear to me.

Though so softly each note
Sounds clear from his throat,
Late events to me come:
The effections of thine,
That use to be mine,
Lies silent and dumb.

DECIDED

Not that I think of the past,
Not that I think of the last;
But 'tis this I cannot forget;
How life has changed in recent days;
The unthoughtful destiny of your ways,
It causes me to regret.

I thought that you were a truthful friend,
Whom I could all my effections lend;
But it seems life is only a game.
O how can I stand your daily test?
I'll change my affections like the rest,
Let it be fate or fame.

"TO A BIRD"

Little bird, I pray thee, sing
To me a song as sweet
This winter day as spring,
Ere my memories retreat.

Call back the merry hour
Of last night to me,
When thought had its power.
Of things yet to be.

I'm lonely and can't rest,
Sitting here alone,
Take me back, I confess
I'd be happy with my own.

ODE TO MOTHER

Many years with you I've spent
In my nooky room in self-content.
In my memory you shall live,
If in life I reach the goal,
The uttermost desire of my soul,
All honors to you I'll give.

Youthful days were sweet to me,
Receiving life from the life of thee,
Lying closely to thy breast,
Just a babe with eyes of brown,
Causing lots of trouble ere sleep came down,
Too young to know thy yearnings for rest.

Day and night thy tender hands
Toiled with me from youth to man;
As years were rolling fast,
With infinite love pure from heart,
Thou hast done a mother's part,
Though the years be past.

Roll on, sweet life, roll;
Thy name is writ on honor's schroll;
'Twill stand through eternity,
Till God shall summon from the skies,
Thy body from earth up to Him rise.
In peace to Heaven in serenity.

LIZZIE AND HER FISHING CREW

I'se gwine fishin' dis day
An' ride behin' th' mule,
Honest, hitch up dat anmil.
No time ter talk 'bout school.

Dat boy's got him ready
An' drivin' th' wagon out,
Hurry up chilen, git yuh lunches
Whutcher quarrelin' 'bout?

Crawl-in, Crawl-in, stop yuh fussin,
'Bout whose th' fishin' king!
'Cause we'se jes out for pleasure
An' may not catcher thing.

Now we'se all done ready
Drive him gently on.
Look heah, we'se fergot sompen,
Dat mule's ten years ob corn.

Honk, honk, honk!
Drive out side th' road
An' let dat car pass.
As we wait fer George er comin'
Dis mule can graze th' grass.

George! George! Dat scamp won' answer,
Drive on, dis fishin' he won' delay,
Bless God, he's in th' wagon.
Yuh mus' come some other way.

Th' fields look awful green
Wid grass, oats, an' wheat,
O what er pleasure fer us ter ride
An' view th' country fum our seat.

Stop dat mule, we'se at th' place.
An' unload th' settin' planks,
Now take yuh lunches an' fishin' tackles
Place dem on th' banks.

Nobia's got er bite already
Git out yuh skillet, leave off th' led,
Put in th' grease, already fer fryin',
Hab mussy, O fish an' bread.

Come heah George you an' Honest
An' pull wid all yuh might,
It's er bigon, ten pounds or more
Fer her cork's done out er sight.

Pull, pull, quit yuh sweatin',
An' pull on th' line like men,
There! sich a fish I nebber seen
Since heah I'se been!

Well, well, fishin' over
Done swallowed th' hook an' line.
But taint no use talkin'
We'se had a hog killin' time.

A TRIBUTE TO BEAUTIFUL HILLCREST ADDITION

High, high above them all,
'Tis beautiful Hillcrest like a wall
Out among the trees—
Where chanting songs of the birds—
Ah, like music can be heard
Comes stealing through the breeze.

Its beautiful homes show the taste,
Of it being an ideal place,
Truly for one to live.
Of its beauty we cannot tell,
For words won't express it truly well,
Only sense of sight is left to give.

Over the hills and down the lane,
Where many a traveller's foot has been,
Sweet odors perfume the air.
Beautiful flowers and morning dews
Kiss sun rays with golden hues
Bring beauty everywhere.
Its the highest and healthiest place you've been
In Eastland, its restricted.
Come in — come in.

ANSWER TO THE DIALECT LETTER

Dear Joe I got yo' letter
But 'twas hardly under stood,
'Cause I'se so tired fum washin'
An' now aint feelin' good.

Now you knows I washed yesterday
An' ironed th' day before,
Still dere is lots of bundles
Pilin' 'round my doe.

Now mine an' Rastus' business
Aint nothin' what yuh think,
He jes calls by th' back doe an'
Asks for eats an' drinks.

Honey if you's tired an' hongry
Fum sweatin' an' workin' all day,
An' a woman would clense yo' misery
Whut you think I'd say. Nohtin', nothin'.

Joe th' road is muddy an' th'
Rain is fallin' too,
An' dere's no need fur mud in my house,
I'se got er nuff ter do.

It's no need en fussin'
Cause I don' believe it right,
Joe I lub yuh, I lub you
Come over early ter night.
Yo' lovin' Lindy.

THE DYING PIG

I am ready let me die
There's nothing in my way,
All is fixed while here I lie
Waiting this debt to pay.

Milton remove the slop
That's so tempting in the pan,
While I hurry over the top
To view the promise land.

Farewell to brother pig
And all who around me stand,
Mid yonder's hill my grave to dig
There plant me with your hand.

I wish to thank Mrs. Miles
For that last dip of snuff,
That gave me ease for a while
Farewell, farewell, I've said enough

ODE TO LITTLE JIM WHITTINGTON

Pretty little baby with brown eyes
Who often laughs and often cries,
What is your name?
Looking so sweet on mother's arm
Without one dimple you're a charm,
Mother loves it just the same.

Your cheeks are rosy little thing
Just an angel without a wing,
What is your name?
When tears run down your cheeks so fair
O little baby with curley hair,
Mother loves it just the same.

A TRIBUTE TO EASTLAND

Ah Eastland, city with a soul
Climbing upwards to the goal,
As a monument you stand;
With your buildings towering high
Pointing upwards in the sky,
You're the grandest in the land.

Your leaders are up where honor calls
Their voices are heard in Senate halls,
In majesty and in power.
To you they cling, the songs they sing
Up to the sky in beauty ring,
And sweeter sound each hour.

A greater Eastland, is the cry
As time moves swiftly, swiftly by,
Come join in the band.
The Chamber of Commerce sets you right
To work for her with all your might,
With pure hearts, and willing hand.

ODE TO BLACK TROOPS

O Black Troops to you I give
This honor, this pride that lives,
In the hearts of men of Old Glory.
I know the danger that thou wentest through
Along the Rhine and at Argone too,
Our ears have heard the story.

In each battle you took noble pride
Going over the top on the other side,
Driving the Huns toward Berlin.
Mid shot and shell knowing no retreat
Going on black braves in hasty defeat,
In songs of victory loudly yelling.

You proved out heroes in each fight
Your rifles were firing day and night,
Carrying thousands to their grave.
As your brothers in crimson blood
Lay at your feet in gory floods,
Dying martyrs and mighty braves.

The Germans know your mighty power
In war and virtue to this hour,
You proved your manhood well.
In the Argone forest you won such fame
They crowned your glory with a name,
The fighting demons up from hell.

You fought for Old Glory, fight for your race
Until it has found an honored place,
In hearts and minds of men.
Forever, ever sowing the faithful seeds
Of noble thoughts and noble deeds,
For there our rising begins.

No other soldier, white or black
When treated as thou wert in days back,
So seldom thought of leaving.
No other soldier, when war'd begin
Forgot the past and proved them men,
So loyal and forgiving.

We'll taste the fruits of your labor
By the side of your fairer neighbor,
Ere our bodies turn to clay.
By your bravery and what you've done
We'll find our places in the sun,
And black souls will have a day.

POEM TO LITTLE DOROTHY DAY

I remember 'twas a little face
That oft' peeped up stairs to my place,
And brought laughter out of pain.
Just a jolly kiddie with skin so fair
With rosy cheeks and wavy hair,
Little Dorothy is her name.

The merry birds watch your play
As they sing for you each day,
Lulibies in the trees.
You water the flowers on the front lawn
Also the back yard when evening dawns,
Keeping busy as the bees.

You rid the yard with your hands
Of all the bottles, rocks and cans,
And put them where they belong.
And when kids were naughty you never fail
To arrest and put them in our jail,
You are my partner good and strong.

When bed time comes up stairs you creep
There to slumber and to sleep,
Visiting dreamland far away.
Where beautiful fairies with golden wings
Encircle your bed and softly sing,
Sleep on little dreamer 'til dawn of day.

A BIRTHDAY PUZZLE

A birthday comes on the sixth of May
This is a puzzle for you today.
Why not guess the same?
A Ruby for a daughter of a King
And a diamond for one that calls the thing
That stands for the name.

Birthdays come and birthdays go
Old or young, we should know,
Our duty while we live.
A life for God to serve in peace,
To do our part and never cease,
'Tis no greater gift to give.

THOUGHTS OF LIFE

Life moves swiftly, swiftly away
Times are changing every day,
How can we bare with life?
In toil, in suffering, and in want
The soul seems visited by the haun
Of an evil one of strife.

Be a man. Let come what will
Be loving to those that hurt you still,
Ah a happy day will come.
When life'll be a pleasant dream
And things won't be as they seem,
We'll know the good that each has done.

Our place in life, let us fill
With pure motives backed by a will,
Aiming ever at the sun.
Going on and upwards, still pursuing
Still achieving, still a doing,
'Till a greater work is done.

Life is a lesson after all
Not to let future ideals fall,
But keep climbing up the hill.
Fields of opportunity, beyond the other side
Are calling, for men, far and wide,
You can be a man if you will.

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